Pet. Oh ho intreate her, nay then she must needes come.
Hor. I am affrai'd sir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: Now where's my wife?
Bion. She sayes you haue some goodly Iest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Petr. Worse and worse she will not come:
Oh vild, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Mistris,
Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*
Hor. I know her answere.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina*.
Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?
Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensios* wife?
Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.
Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:
Away I say, and bring them hither straight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads
Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremacie:
And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.
Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.
Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And shew more signe of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wiues
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:

Katerine

Katerine, that Cap of yours be
Off with that bable, throw it v
Wid. Lord let me neuer hau
Till I be brought to such a sillie
Bian. Fie what a foolish duti
Luc. I would your dutie we
The wisdome of your dutie fair
Hath cost me fiue hundred crow
Bian. The more foole you fo
Pet. Katherine I charge the
what dutie they doe owe their L
Wid. Come, come, your m
Pet. Come on I say, and first
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say she shall, and first b
Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that thr
And dart not scornefull glances
To wound thy Lord, thy King,
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe
Confounds thy fame, as whirlew
And in no sence is meete or amia
A woman mou'd, is like a founta
Muddie, ill seeming thicke, ber
And while it is so, none so drie o
Will daigne to sip, or touch one
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy lif
Thy head, thy soueraigne: one t
And for thy maintenance: Comm
To painfull labour, both by sea a
To watch the night in storines, t
Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home,
And craues no other tribute at th
But loue, fare lookes, and true ob
Too little payment for so great a
Such dutie as the subiect owes the
Euen such a woman oweth to her
And when she is froward, peeuish,
And not obedient to his honest w
What is she but a foule contendin